

A  
**P O E M**  
 ON THE  
**A C C E S S I O N**  
 OF THEIR  
**Royal Highnesses**  
 THE  
**Prince and Princess of Orange**  
 TO THE  
**Imperial Crown of ENGLAND;**  
 Being a Paraphrase on the 45 P S A L M.

*My Heart is inditing (Lat.  
Con eructavit) a good Matter.*

I.

**N**O, 'tis too *big*; I longer can't contain  
 Within my *labouring* Breast,  
 With the *unwieldy Thought* opprest,  
 The mighty *Pleasure* mixt with mighty *Pain*.  
 My *Heart's* too narrow far to hold it there:  
 In such *unequal* Limits pent,  
 It searches round, and will have vent,  
 And means the open Air.  
 Thence it breaks, and thence it flies,  
 To my *Lips*, and to my *Eyes*;  
 My *Harp* shall play, my *Lips* shall sing,  
 Of Happy Salem's peaceful King.  
 Nor do's my willing *Tongue* the Task refuse.  
 Away it runs as swift as *Wind*:  
 Nor do's it flag behind my *Muse*;  
 Nor needs it stay fit *Words* to chuse,  
 But leaves almost, my *beavier Thoughts* behind.

A

II. Fairer

*I speak of the Things which I  
have made, touching the King.  
— My Tongue is the Pen of a ready  
Writer.*

*Thou art fairer than the Children of Men.*

*M*  
Grace is pour'd into thy  
Lips

*Therefore God hath blessed thee  
for ever.*

*Gird thy Sword upon thy Thigh,  
O most mighty!*

*With thy Glory and thy Ma-  
jesty.*

*And in thy Majesty ride Pro-  
perty, Truth, Ma-  
jesty, and Righteousness.*

*And thy Right Hand shall  
teach thee terrible Things.*

*Thine Arrows are sharp in the  
Hearts of the Kings Enemies,  
whereby the People fall under thee.*

Fairer than all the Beauteous Pride  
That ever sprang from Adams side !  
By those bright Youths out-shin'd alone,  
Who ever Guard the Eternals Throne.  
Fair in those Virtues which thy Mind adorn ;  
Fairer than the rising Morn !  
Prest of each Illustrious Grace,  
Which in dazzling Purple shone,  
(Purple, once Royal, now Divine,)  
Around thy Lips, around thy Face !  
Favourite of those above,  
Of Earth the Joy, of Heav'n the Love.

Arise Young Hero ! from thy Throne arise !  
Heav'n calls Thee out, and bids prepare  
For a just, a needful War,  
To scourge its own, and Israels Enemies.  
See the Laurels hanging high !  
See the Angels stooping down  
With a brighter Starry Crown,  
And upward point to hovering Vision.  
Gird thy Sword upon thy Thigh,  
In all thy Royal Glories drest,  
Thy Self the greatest and the best ;  
In all thy Kingly Majesty ;  
--- See, with what a Pomp he goes !  
How triumphantly do's ride  
Truth and Darknes by his side,  
And Justice to confound his Foes !  
Say ! who can such a Force oppose ?  
Still such Guards woud Princes use,  
None besides they need to chuse.

But since Kings, like God, must be  
For Justice, not for Mercy fam'd alone ;  
Since Virtue as well as Good,  
Is a fit Stile for Majesty ;  
And since the harden'd Rebels Blood  
Still makes the strongest Cement for a Throne :  
Learn, what thou well dost Understand,  
Learn from thy own dread Right-hand ;  
Learn from thence to act such Things,  
As become offended Kings.  
--- Yes : 'Tis done, already done :  
For in vain they fly away ;  
Thy Arrows fly more swift than they :  
Fate and Thee they cannot shun.  
Through their faithless Hearts they glide ;  
Down they fall and bite the Ground,  
Down they fall with all their Pride :  
Scattering imperfect Curses round.  
Vainly they curse as they did flee :  
Vainly they curse their Fate and Thee.  
Both alike their Curses find :  
Loose, and Weak, and Short, and Dead,  
Long before they reach thy Head,  
And scatter'd into Wind.

Thy Throne is for ever and ever.

The Scepter of thy Kingdom is a right Scepter. Thou lovest Righteousness and hatest Wickedness.

Therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the Oyl of Gladness above thy Fellows.

All thy Garments smell of Myrrh, Aloes and Cassia, out of the Ivory Palaces whereby they have made thee glad.

For ever shall thy Rightful Throne endure; Thy Rightful Scepter now for ever is secure. Thy Throne on Justice firmly fixt; A Basis ne're can fail or fade, VVith guileful Arts unmixt.

By Inclination, not by Interest, Just, Thou Fraud and VWRong dost hate, And he who knows thy Heart, who is thy Trust VVho do's secure thy State; VVith Holy Oyl he do's thy Temples Crown, Not must Sauls Vial thy low Measure be; For in the largest Quantity, It thence on all thy Royal Robes flowes gently down: Thy Royal Robes whence gladsom Odors flow, VVhence Show'rs of precious Pearls distill, VVhen from thy VVardrobe thou dost go, Like trickling fragrant Dew from Hermons fruitful Hill.

Kings Daughters were among thy Honourable Women. Upon thy right Hand did stand the Queen, in Gold of Ophir.

Ev'n haughty Princes do not scorn, (Honour enough, enough of State,) Their Daughters shou'd thy Courts adorn On thee, and on thy Queen to wait:

Hearken, O Daughter, and consider! Incline thine Ear! forget also thine own People and thy Fathers House!

Thy Dressed, array'd in Gold, less bright; She takes not, but the lends it light.

O Egypt's Glory once! now Salems Pride!

Incline thy Royal Ear! Thy faithful suppliants hear, And every little weaknes cast aside! Let no fond Thoughts for Egypt still remain! Let Pharaoh and all his Gods forgotten be!

So shall the King greatly desire thy Beauty.

What is he now to Thee? Forget 'em all, and break the servile Chain!

So shall thy Royal Lord become thy Slave:

And tyde in Loves soft Bands, Wrought by the Eyes and Hands, No other Freedom ever wish to have.

Thy Royal Lord; for thou dost know What Reverence is his due;

And since he yields so much to you, How much, much more to him thou still must owe.

And the Daughter of Tyre shall be there with a Gift.

So Tyres proud Daughter soon shall hasten o're Pleas'd in thy Courts to find a room.

With the best Trophies of her Noble Loom, With all the unvalurd purple from her plunder'd shore; And bumbly kneel, and bumbly greet,

And cast it at thy Feet.

The Rich among the People shall intreat thy Favour.

Whilst other Gifts thy wealthy Subjects bring, Worthy the Consort of a King:

These from Gilead, Balm divine;

Spices these, were fit to burn

In the Arabian Wonders Urn:

These the rich Engeddi's Wine.

Thus they thy favour shall entreat, And court thy smiles to make 'em Great.

The Kings Daughter is all glorious within. Her clothing is of wrought Gold.

'Tis not, alas ! the Gold less bright  
Which gives not, but receives thy Light :  
That makes Great Pharaohs Daughter shine :  
Thy better Glories are unseen,  
And modestly withdraw within :  
That must be invisible which is divine.  
Those fair Virtues ay possess't  
(Proud of such a Spicy Nest,)  
Of thy white Soul, and scarce less beauteous Breast.

*She shall be brought to the King  
in Rayments of Needle-Work: The  
Virgins her Companions that fol-  
low her shall be brought unto thee.*

Say ! what Robes shall we prepare  
For Solomons Queen, and Pharaohs Heir ?  
The needles all their Art shall try,  
And thy daughters, Salem ! vy  
With the rich Embroidery  
Of the Fields, and of the Sky.  
A Crowd of Virgins, Chaste, as Fair,  
Beauties all, were the not there

*With Gladness, and rejoicing  
shall they be brought. They shall  
enter into the Kings Palace.*

Her long-long Pomp in decent Order bear.

Unknown Gladness shall arise,  
And around our Faces play,  
Shine thro' all our Hearts, and Eyes,  
And never more away.

Where e're they come new Conquests these shall make,  
And all our Palaces shall take :  
Ah ! who would not, must not yield  
When such Beauty takes the Field ?

## IX.

O Egypt's Glory once ! look back no more  
To headlong Niles uncertain Shore !  
To Sibyl's softer Waters now  
Thy Ears, and Inclinations bow !

*Instead of thy Fathers, shall be  
thy Children.*

Let Pharaoh and all his Gods forgotten be !  
While thy glad Subjects wish and pray  
For such as long may Israels Scepter sway,  
And for a long-long Race of happy Kings from Thee ;  
Who thro' the World may bear their Parents Name,  
Heirs of their Virtues, and their Throne,  
And sharers in their Fame,  
Their Victories to utmost Ind, and distant Ganges known.

I will make thy name to be re-  
member'd in all Generations :  
Therefore shall the People praise  
thee for ever and ever.  
Whilst grateful Israel shall thy Glories raise  
On lofty Pyramids of praise,  
Thou in their Fame shalt share, as they in thine,  
And, if a Verse Eternity can give  
Thou in my Verse as in their Fame shalt ever live.

F I N I S.

